

STRANGE  
SUSPENSE STORIES

NEW AND DIFFERENT

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

# STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

No 27

"THE RAIN HAS WASHED  
AWAY THE LABELS!.. AND  
I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS MY  
MEDICINE..?"

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# MELODY OF HATE

**WHY** WAS HE INTERESTED  
IN THE FATE OF THE  
MISSING MUSICIAN....?

**WHAT** WAS HIS MISSION  
AT THE BRIDGE...WHERE HE  
WAS MYSTERIOUSLY ATTACKED?

**WHO** INFORMED HIM THAT  
THE ONE DEAREST TO  
HIM WAS IN DANGER...?

**TO NEAL VALENTINE...** SONG  
WRITER...THE SITUATION WAS LIKE  
AN INTRICATE, CONFUSING MUSICAL  
COMPOSITION .... A

**MELODY OF HATE!**

THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THE WAY  
NEAL VALENTINE BURST INTO THE OFFICE OF  
SONG PUBLISHER HARRY JEFFERSON. BUT IN  
SPITE OF THE PRESENCE OF JILL... NEAL'S FIANCEE  
AND HARRY'S NIECE...THE RECEPTION HARRY  
GAVE NEAL THIS TIME WAS NOTICEABLY COOL.....

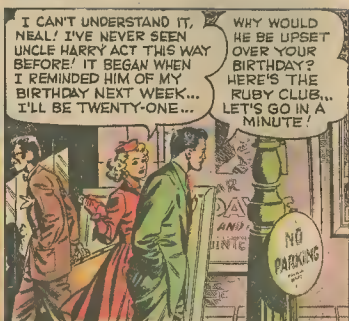
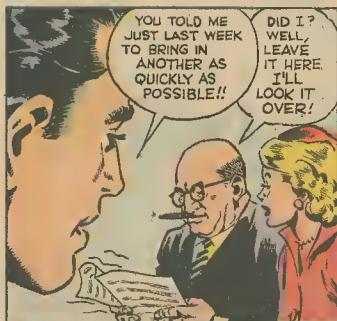
I THINK  
I'VE GOT A  
HIT HERE,  
HARRY!

OH...ER,  
HELLO,  
NEAL...

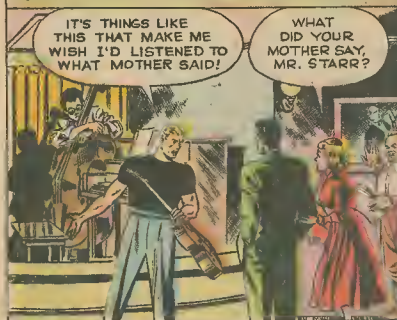
ANOTHER HIT? OH, ER...I DON'T  
KNOW, NEAL! LET'S SEE... WHAT  
WAS THE NAME OF YOUR OTHER  
SONG? OH, YES..."HEARTSTRINGS"  
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANOTHER  
SO SOON, NEAL.....

WHAT?!!

# SUSPENSE

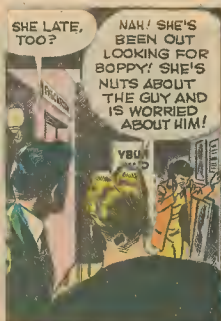


PAUL STARR'S TRIO WAS TO OPEN AT THE RUBY CLUB SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...AND THE DAILY REHEARSALS WERE IMPORTANT TO NEAL'S FRIEND...





# SUSPENSE



AS THE WRITER OF A RECENT SONG HIT... NEAL WAS KNOWN AND LIKED BY MOST OF THE MUSICIANS....



BEFORE THE CONNECTION OF THE TWO NAMES COULD REGISTER WITH NEAL, THE FRONT DOOR OPENED AND ALL EYES TURNED....



# MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

## To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends

A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.  
No. 240.....**1.50**

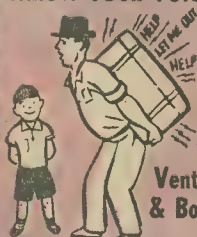
5 IN 1  
WAND



### Boomerang

Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys".  
No. 141.....**50¢**

## THROW YOUR VOICE



### Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist".  
No. 137.....**25¢**



### RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio. Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from an other room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal. 4 inches high.  
No. 112.....**1.98**

### TRICK BASEBALL

It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball.  
No. 158.....**50¢**



Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun everywhere you go.  
No. 146.....**35¢**

### LOOK-BACK SCOPE



### TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them. It's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away, like crazy. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights.  
No. 513.....**1.25**



### WOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.  
No. 247.....**50¢**



## POWERFUL MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE

### COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO



Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.  
No. 205.....**3.98**



### BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.  
No. 216.....**25¢**



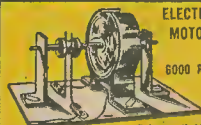
### Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160 — For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gill figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14.....**6.98**



### ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM



—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high-power motor. And the fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpm's of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute.  
No. 052.....**Only 50¢**



### JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.  
No. 239.....**Only 50¢**

### 10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. 63

Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00.

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a two cents postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

# SUSPENSE

**B**OPPY GATES STOOD IN THE ENTRANCE, WET AND BEDRAGGLED....

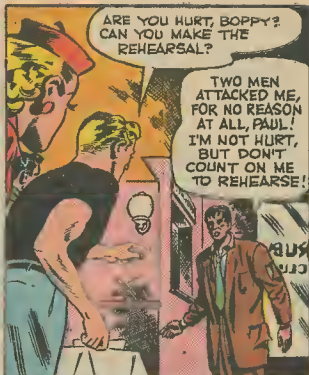
I WAS THROWN INTO THE RIVER AND LEFT FOR DROWNED!

GEE WHIZ... DIG THE GUY'S CLOTHES! HE MUST HAVE BEEN DRAGGED ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!



ARE YOU HURT, BOPPY? CAN YOU MAKE THE REHEARSAL?

TWO MEN ATTACKED ME, FOR NO REASON AT ALL, PAUL! I'M NOT HURT, BUT DON'T COUNT ON ME TO REHEARSE!



BUT WE NEED THIS REHEARSAL. WE'RE OPENING HERE SATURDAY AND....

I'M NOT OPENING WITH THE TRIO!



WHAT? WHAT WAS THAT?

YOU HEARD ME, PAUL! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOURSELF ANOTHER BOY!



**T**HE LITTLE GROUP STOOD IN SILENCE AS BOPPY GATES STRODE OUT OF THE CLUB. THEN, AS THOUGH AWAKENING FROM A BAD DREAM, AVALON AYRES CRIED OUT....

**BOPPY!**  
DON'T GO!

**B**UT BOPPY WAS GONE! WITH A SOB, AVALON SANK DOWN ON THE PIANO BENCH. TO NEAL, THE SITUATION HAD BECOME DOUBLY PUZZLING...



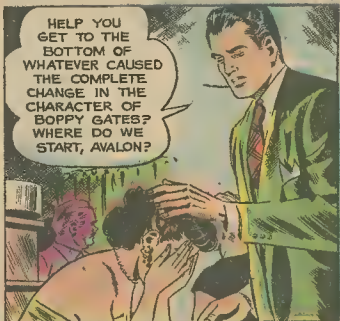
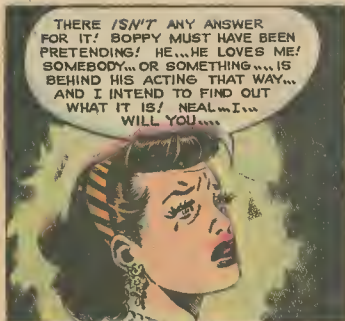
HE...HE WALKED OUT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, NEAL. HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME! WHAT IS HAPPENING? WHY HAS BOPPY SUDDENLY CHANGED SO?

I DON'T HAVE AN ANSWER FOR THAT, AVALON.





# SUSPENSE



**L**OCATING BOPPY'S HOTEL WAS NOT AS EASY AS NEAL HAD AT FIRST THOUGHT, FOR INSTEAD OF ITS BEING AMONG THE BETTER HOTELS PATRONIZED BY THE MUSICIANS, THEY FOUND IT IN A MUCH LESS RESPECTABLE SECTION OF THE CITY...



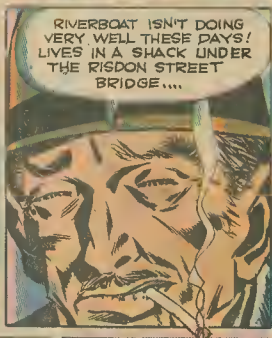
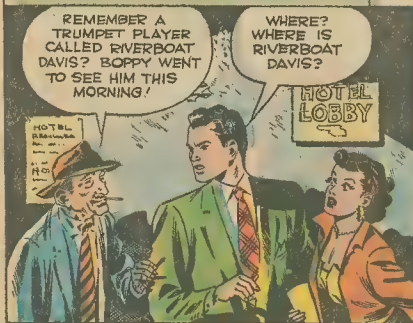
# SUSPENSE



AS THEY PREPARED TO LEAVE THE DINGY HOTEL, A RASPY VOICE CAME TO THEM FROM THE LOBBY AND NEAL AND AVALON WHIRLED ABOUT...



NEAL PAUSED LONG ENOUGH TO STUDY THE SHABBY STRANGER MOMENTARILY... THEN HANDED HIM A BILL...

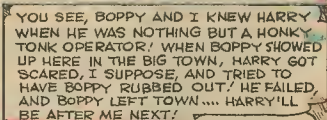
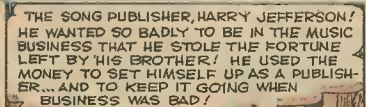
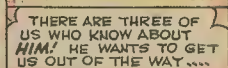
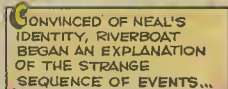
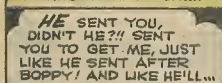
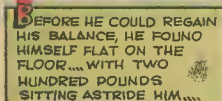


NEAL DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE STRANGER TO FINISH! HE HAILED A TAXI FOR AVALON AND DIRECTED THE DRIVER TO TAKE HER HOME. THEN HE GRABBED ANOTHER CAB FOR HIMSELF...





# SUSPENSE



# SUSPENSE

HIS NIECE....  
JILL... WILL FIND  
OUT ABOUT  
HARRY'S THEFT  
WHEN SHE'S  
TWENTY-ONE!

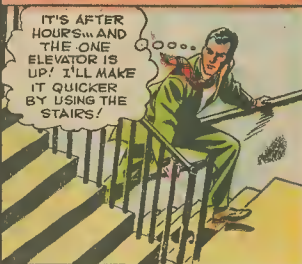


NEAL'S LONG LEGS CARRIED  
HIM AT TOP SPEED TO THE  
NEAREST TELEPHONE.....  
WHERE WITH SHAKING  
HANDS HE DIALED JILL'S  
NUMBER....



WHAT?!!  
HER UNCLE  
CALLED HER  
TO HIS  
OFFICE ON AN  
IMPORTANT  
MATTER...?!!

ONCE AGAIN NEAL FLAGGED A TAXI....  
WHICH IN A SHORT TIME WAS PULLING  
UP BEFORE THE THURSTON BUILDING  
WHERE HARRY'S OFFICE WAS!



IT'S AFTER  
HOURS... AND  
THE ONE  
ELEVATOR IS  
UP! I'LL MAKE  
IT QUICKER  
BY USING THE  
STAIRS!

ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR  
NEAL TIPTOED STEALTHILY  
TO THE DOOR OF HARRY'S  
OFFICE....



LOCKED! BUT  
I CAN HEAR VOICES  
INSIDE!

JEFFERSON  
MUSIC  
PUBLISHING  
CO.

THERE'S SOMEONE  
LEAVING THE OFFICE  
AT THE END OF THE  
HALL! MAYBE....



WHEN THE DEPARTING OFFICE  
WORKER DISAPPEARED FROM  
VIEW, NEAL RACED TO THE  
SLOWLY CLOSING DOOR!



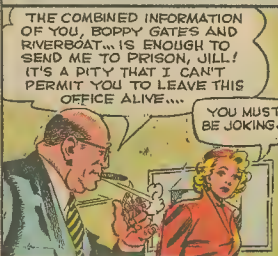
MADE IT!  
...JUST BEFORE  
IT LOCKED!

INSIDE THE STRANGE  
OFFICE NEAL BOUNDED  
ACROSS TO THE WINDOW!



NOW TO GET  
OUT ON THE  
LEDGE!

MEANWHILE, IN HIS OFFICE ON THE  
SAME FLOOR, HARRY JEFFERSON  
SPOKE TO HIS NIECE, JILL. HIS  
VOICE WAS SOFT, BUT HIS EYES  
WERE AS COLD AS STEEL!



THE COMBINED INFORMATION  
OF YOU, BOPPY GATES AND  
RIVERBOAT... IS ENOUGH TO  
SEND ME TO PRISON, JILL!  
IT'S A PITY THAT I CAN'T  
PERMIT YOU TO LEAVE THIS  
OFFICE ALIVE....

YOU MUST  
BE JOKING...

PRESSED AGAINST THE  
SIDE OF THE BUILDING,  
EIGHT STORIES ABOVE  
THE DIZZYING SCENE  
BELOW... NEAL FOUND  
THE GOING DIFFICULT...





# SUSPENSE

CAREFULLY, INCH BY INCH, NEAL MADE HIS WAY ALONG THE NARROW LEDGE.....



NO...I WAS NEVER MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE, MY DEAR! IT PAINS ME TO DO THIS, BUT IT IS...SHALL WE SAY...A NECESSARY EVIL....?



UNCLE HARRY!

IT'LL PAIN YOU A LOT MORE IF YOU TRY TO USE THAT GUN, HARRY!



YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE GUN IN THE DRAWER.....!!



IT'S NO USE, HARRY! I'VE JUST HAD A LONG TALK WITH RIVERBOAT DAVIS! THE LITTLE GAME YOU PLAYED HAS ENDED!



YES...YOU'RE ENTIRELY RIGHT, OF COURSE! THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT GIVE UP! I SUPPOSE MY DESIRE TO BECOME A BIG MUSIC PUBLISHER WAS TOO GREAT...TOO OVERWHELMING...AND THE MEN I HIRED FOR THE DIRTY WORK MUST BE PUNISHED TOO! I'LL GIVE THEIR NAMES!



I WAS TOO IMPATIENT TO WORK FOR SUCCESS! AND THE MONEY LEFT BY MY BROTHER MEANT SO MUCH IN MY HASTE. BUT IN THE END, I'M NOT SUCCESSFUL! JUST TIRED...TIRED....



OPERATOR, GIVE ME THE POLICE...

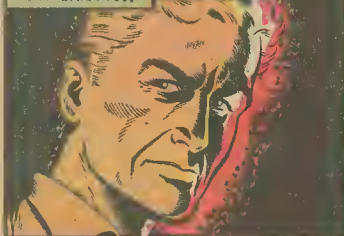


THE END

# SUSPENSE

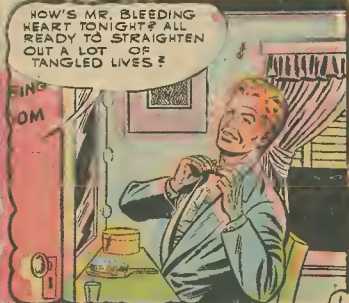


THE WHOLE DEAL'S COCKEYED-CRAZY-- BUT YOU KNOW THAT THE GOOD OLD WORLD FUTURE DEPENDS ON YOUR NEXT FEW WORDS! AND YOU CAN'T EVEN THINK! ALL YOU CAN DO IS REMEMBER HOW HAPPY-GO-LUCKY YOU WERE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO DOWN ON EARTH...



... BACK AT THE TELEVISION STUDIO JUST BEFORE THE SHOW...

HOW'S MR. BLEEDING HEART TONIGHT? ALL READY TO STRAIGHTEN OUT A LOT OF TANGLED LIVES?





# SUSPENSE

AT FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS A WEEK, I'D BE NUTS IF I DIDN'T GIVE IT A WHIRL! LEAD ME TO THEM—



**WORDS FOR THE WEARY.** THAT WAS THE NAME OF YOUR SHOW! AND IT WAS NOTHING MORE NOR LESS THAN AN ENDLESS PARADE OF MISERABLE PEOPLE BARING THEIR PROBLEMS BEFORE THE TV CAMERAS...

M-MY HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARED! WITHOUT (SOS) EVEN A GOODBYE NOTE OR ANYTHING!



AND WHAT WAS YOUR ROLE? YOU INTERVIEWED THEM... GETTING ALL THE SORDID DETAILS OUT OF THEM, AND THEN SENT THEM PACKING WITH BROMIDES OF USELESS ADVICE...

YOU MUST SAY TO YOURSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN, "HE WILL COME BACK... HE WILL COME BACK!"



ONCE A WEEK, THE CAMERAS CAUGHT THE IMAGE OF THAT PARADE OF MISERY WITH YOU AS IT'S UNFEELING DRUM MAJOR! ONCE A WEEK, YOU COLLECTED FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! AND YOUR POPULARITY RATING KEPT RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER...



SOMETIMES THE MEN AT THE STUDIO WERE: CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR INNER FEELINGS...

DOES IT EVER WORRY YOU--ALL THOSE PEOPLE HANGING ONTO EVERY WORD YOU SAY? ALL OF THEM DEPENDING ON YOU TO STRAIGHTEN THEM OUT?

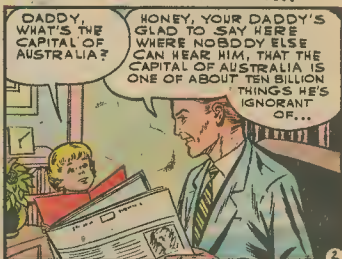
YOU KIDDING? THIS IS A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING, THAT'S ALL!



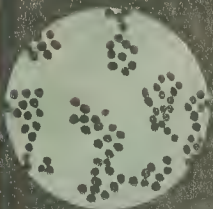
BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS HAPPY TO GET HOME! AT HOME YOU COULD RELAX AND BE YOURSELF! YOU LOVED LIFE ON THAT GODD OLD WORLD... AND YOU WERE HAPPY YOU HAD THE WHERE-WITHAL TO ENJOY IT SO FULLY...

DADDY, WHAT'S THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA?

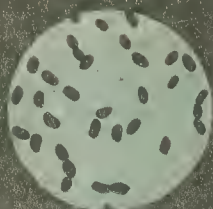
HONEY, YOUR DADDY'S GLAD TO SAY HERE WHERE NOBODY ELSE CAN HEAR HIM, THAT THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA IS ONE OF ABOUT TEN BILLION THINGS HE'S IGNORANT OF...



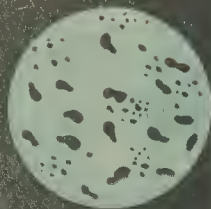
## KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS



Staphylococcus albus



Corynebacterium acnes



Pityrosporum ovale

# SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all 3* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

### ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our **GUARANTEE**. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only \$2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending \$2 with order. **ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. SEND COUPON TODAY!**

WARD LABORATORIES, Dept. 6607-B

19 West 44th St. New York 36, N. Y.

☐ I enclose \$2.00, send prepaid

☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay \$2.00 plus postage

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

## DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

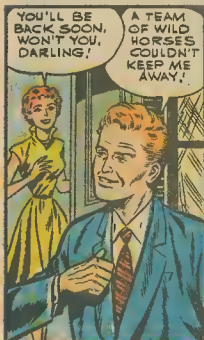


# SUSPENSE

LATER THAT NIGHT, YOU WERE RESTLESS, AND YOU WENT FOR A WALK...

BUT JUST AFTER YOU'D ROUNDED A CORNER...

YOU BLACKED OUT AFTER THAT-- AND WHEN YOU CAME TO, YOU WERE INSIDE A **FLYING SAUCER...**



YOU'LL BE BACK SOON, WON'T YOU, DARLING!

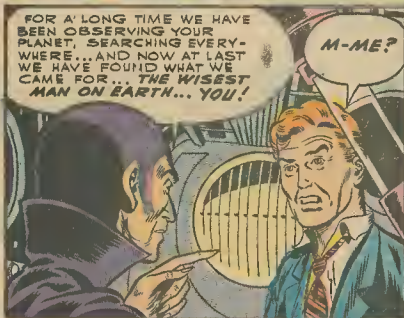
A TEAM OF WILD HORSES COULDN'T KEEP ME AWAY!



HEY!

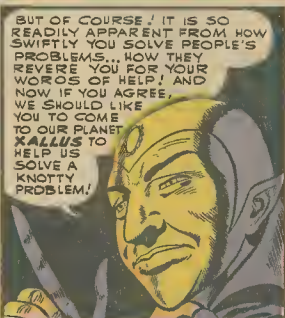


YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, EARTHLING! WE WOULD NEVER HARM YOU!

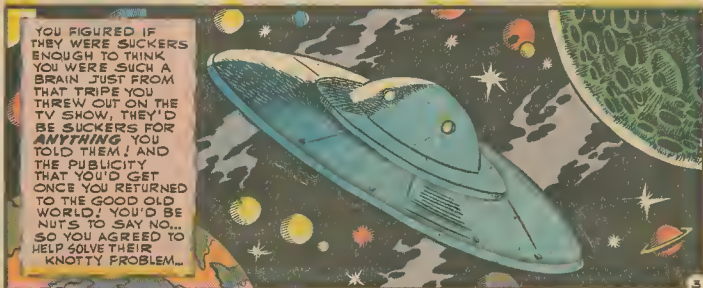


FOR A LONG TIME WE HAVE BEEN OBSERVING YOUR PLANET, SEARCHING EVERYWHERE... AND NOW AT LAST WE HAVE FOUND WHAT WE CAME FOR... **THE WISEST MAN ON EARTH... YOU!**

M-ME?



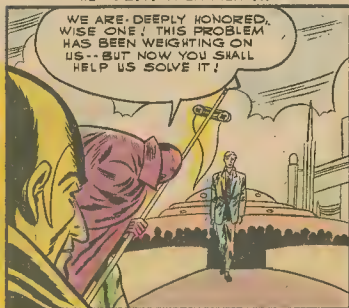
BUT OF COURSE! IT IS SO READILY APPARENT FROM HOW SWIFTLY YOU SOLVE PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS... HOW THEY REVERE YOU FOR YOUR WORDS OF HELP! AND NOW IF YOU AGREE, WE SHOULD LIKE YOU TO COME TO OUR PLANET **XALLUS** TO HELP US SOLVE A **KNOTTY PROBLEM!**



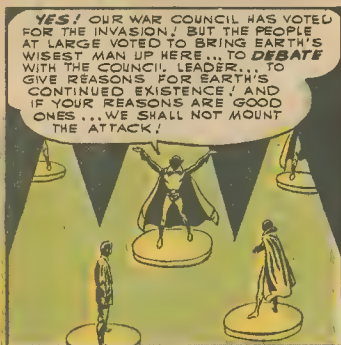
YOU FIGURED IF THEY WERE SUCKERS ENOUGH TO THINK YOU WERE SUCH A BRAIN JUST FROM THAT TRIPE YOU THREW OUT ON THE TV SHOW, THEY'D BE SUCKERS FOR ANYTHING YOU TOLD THEM! AND THE PUBLICITY THAT YOU'D GET ONCE YOU RETURNED TO THE GOOD OLD WORLD! YOU'D BE NUTS TO SAY NO... SO YOU AGREED TO HELP SOLVE THEIR KNOTTY PROBLEM...

# SUSPENSE

WHEN YOU HIT THE JOINT, THEY GAVE YOU  
THE V. I. P. TREATMENT...



STILL BOWING, THEY HUSTLED YOU RIGHT  
TO THIS BIG ARENA...



YOU TRIED TO WORM OUT OF IT! YOU TRIED  
TO EXPLAIN THAT YOU WERE NOTHING  
BUT A RATTLEBRAIN WITH A SMOOTH  
TONGUE... BUT THEY HAD YOU TICKETED  
FOR EARTH'S NUMBER ONE BRAIN,  
AND NOTHING WOULD SWAY THEM...



QUITE A SPEAKER THAT GUY... QUITE  
A CASE HE'S BUILT UP! AND NOW  
IT'S **YOUR** TURN, MR. BLEEDING  
HEART! THEY'RE WAITING! THEY'RE  
WAITING FOR YOUR LIPS TO MOVE  
AND THE WORDS TO COME OUT...

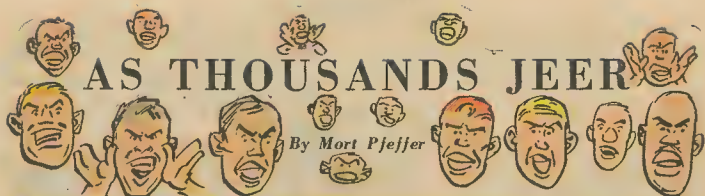


YOU'VE ALWAYS  
LOVED THE GOOD  
OLD WORLD! BUT  
WHOEVER STOPPED  
TO THINK OUT  
**WHY?** HOW CAN  
YOU PUT YOUR  
VAGUE FEELINGS  
THAT? IT'S JUST  
A SWELL PLACE  
TO LIVE ON AND  
THAT FOLKS ARE  
REALLY GOOD  
AT HEART, INTO  
WORDS THAT'LL  
SOUND CONVINC-  
ING? BECAUSE  
**THAT'S** JUST  
WHAT YOU HAVE  
TO DO, MR.  
BLEEDING HEART!  
THE GOOD OLD  
WORLD'S FUTURE  
DEPENDS ON YOUR  
NEXT FEW WORDS!  
**CAN YOU DO IT?**



THE END





# AS THOUSANDS JEER

By Mort Pfeffer

THE day was miserable. So was Nick. Nor was his a strange attitude, considering that currently the only thing he led the league in was sighs. Truly a lofty tumble from his last year's eminence as batting champion. Today's foul weather had already caused the postponement of the game, but it was only a temporary reprieve. Tomorrow, he'd again drag himself up to the plate and make futile gestures with his bat at the pellet he now found so elusive. Why the very last time he had even so much as laid wood to the ball had been weeks ago in Chicago! And that effort had resulted in a towering pop-up to the second baseman who had disdainfully caught in his cap.

Looking back to the old days, he recalled with pleasure the many times he had come to bat and laid the good lumber to the horsehide and sent it soaring over the leftfield fence. What a thrill to trot around the bases grinning derisively at both the opposing team and hometown fans. Yes, the hometown fans! In his salad days, Nick had never been popular with fans. You see, he had been one of those brash players who had held the baseball fan in no higher regard than he would a baboon. He had deliberately alienated them; spurned their attempts at friendship, and what feats he had accomplished with his bat had been to spite them. They longed to see him fail, and, so to annoy them, he had performed heroically, wearing the while a contemptuous smirk.

The present sympathetic attitude of the local rooters, though, demonstrated clearly to Nick how wrong he had been. True, when first he had started whiffing they had cheered his failure as better news than a pennant winner. But as time and the other teams flew by, their manner had changed to one of acute sympathy. It wasn't fair to kick a man when he was down—and Nick was not merely down, but about six feet under! Now when he came to bat, his efforts (no matter how puny) were greeted with uproarious cheers, the fans hoping that this collective vote of confidence would snap him out of his basehit lethargy.

But it didn't. Well, what could be wrong?

His swing? No, teammates had analyzed it and it remained the same, smooth cut, with the one notable exception that it no longer hit anything. His stance? No, movie cameras attested that his out-sized brogans remained planted in the old familiar way. His eyes? No, leading eye doctors took their oath that his orbs were only slightly lower in efficiency than those of a healthy hawk.

Nothing had changed. Nothing, that is, except his batting average and the fans' attitude! The fans! Wait! It was a mad thought, wilder than a southpaw screwballer, but still desperate measures were in order. Better to go down trying than to have the manager send him to the Belgian Congo.

Quickly, Nick grabbed his hat and dashed out of the lobby. A cab fetched him to an obscure part of town, where he whispered a few words into the ear of a workman. (No sense telling you what *kind* of a workman, or our story ends right here.) Money changed hands and soon Nick was back in the lobby, clutching several little packets, four by six inches in size.

"Oh, Peterson," the manager hailed him. "About your slump . . ."

"Don't worry about that, Skipper. Effective as of tomorrow, the slump will be only a memory. It'll be as dead as the spitball."

So saying, Nick slapped the manager on the back and hurried toward the elevator. So carried away by enthusiasm was he that he so far forgot himself as to fling the astonished attendant a nickel tip. The astonished eyes of the manager were witness to this last act of madness, and secured his conviction that Nick had at last given in mentally to his slump. Oh, well, he'd give him one more chance tomorrow. That failing, he could always trade him away to a sanatorium.

Nick was at the park early the next morning. At it, but not *in* it. And such was his intention as he loitered outside the bleacher entrance, greeting each arrival with a smile and a handshake. In the process of the latter, Nick managed to transfer a little card from his hand to each bleacherite.

Little card? Why, sure. Remember the little

four by six pockets that Nick had ordered? Well, they were now broken open and being employed to what Nick hoped would be good use.

"Hey, Nick, what do these cards mean?" asked one customer.

"Just read and comply, friend. Read and comply" replied Nick.

Soon the cards were finished. But there still remained the little matter of a batting slump. Was it also finished? Well, it wouldn't take long to determine. Nick quickly changed into his uniform, managing to elude both the icy glare and catcher's mask that the manager tossed at him for his tardiness.

When Nick stepped to the plate for the first time, the bases were loaded. And there was every prospect of their remaining so. Two were already out, and the way Nick had been going lately, his going down was virtually assured to be safer than a Jackie Robinson steal of second.

How many, many times had Nick failed in similar situations lately! Well, the situation was not quite as familiar as those of recent vintage, for this trip Nick was greeted with a thundering chorus of boos. So noisy was the disapproval that it made the swell of a mighty ocean sound for all the world like a gnat with laryngitis.

It was obvious now to the manager and Nick's teammates that the faithful had at last lost patience with their slugless slugger: This was confirmed as the opposing twirler buzzed two quick strikes by Nick who stood at the plate even more woodenly than his bat. Did they boo? Ever been to the zoo at feeding time? The manager hesitated. Should he yank Nick to avert bloodshed? Oh, what odds? Suppose the angry mob did dismember him. It would save a lot of typing and paperwork when it came time to make out Nick's unconditional release. Let the big dope take one more strike—and then a fast freight to a far-away place with a strange sounding name in Class D ball.

But what was that crack? Had an irate bleacherite snapped Nick's spinal column? No, Nick had put the wood against the ball and in turn put the pill against the leftfield fence. The hit was good enough to score two runs and save Nick's life.

As the game wore on, Nick continued to wear out the baseball. His big bat boomed a couple of round-trippers that distance-wise should have counted double. Then there was a sprinkling of wrong field singles and triples, just enough to show that Nick had regained

his place hitting ability as well as his power.

Apparently, Nick's slump was over. Yet there was still one discordant note. No matter how noble and timely his batting endeavors, all were greeted by the same indignant growls by the fans. Indeed, the more effective the hit, the louder the jeers that greeted it. Yet through it all, Nick remained unruffled. Each time he crossed the plate, he tossed a snarl in the direction of the stands, occasionally alternating with a change-of-pace sneer.

Then, just when it seemed as though the United States Marines would have to save Nick from the ire of the fans, the game ended. His teammates formed a protective cordon around him and escorted him to the clubhouse. Quickly, the manager barricaded the door with a couple of utility infielders and drew Nick into the sanctuary of his office.

"Now don't get all excited about the fans booing me, Skipper," Nick said laughingly. "Things worked out just the way I planned. You see, I realized yesterday that I couldn't break my slump with them cheering me. Remember how well I used to wallop the apple when I thought it made them mad?"

The manager nodded solemnly. "Yes, but I still don't see how . . ."

"Simple," answered Nick, extracting one of his little cards from his jacket. He paused, then read it aloud: "Don't cheer—jeer! I'll never get a hit until you fans start to hate me as you used to. Despise me the way you used to and assure our winning the pennant. Hatefully yours, Nick Petersen."

He was listened to in respectful silence by his boss. When Nick had finished reading, he banged a locker in glee. "The cards did the trick. Now that the fans hate me again, I'll be banging that horsehide to a fare-thee-well." So long, Skipper, see you tomorrow."

**B**UT Nick wasn't in the lineup next day.

In fact, he wasn't even in the park. Naturally, the reporters were curious as to his absence after yesterday's day of days. Cornered by their eager questions the manager revealed the details of Nick's hate me cards.

"Yes, but where IS Nick today?" chorused the press.

"Well, one of the fans took Nick a little too literally about hating him," sighed the manager. "As Nick left my office last night, this guy conked him with a pop bottle. Yep," he said, heading for the field, "Nick's out of his slump—and in a couple of days he'll be out of his coma!"

THE END



# SUSPENSE

THE O.A. HAD AN EYEWITNESS, THAT WOULD HAVE PUT RACKETEER SID HILTON AND HIS MOB AWAY FOR LIFE. AND THEN THE WITNESS DISAPPEARED, AND HILTON WALKED OUT OF COURT A FREE MAN! WITH NO EVIDENCE TO JUSTIFY A NEW TRIAL, AND THE NEWSPAPERS SCREAMING FOR RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, LIEUTENANT MAC MCCOY OF HOMICIDE SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS WAS CALLED IN. HE SOON DECIDED THAT TO RESORT TO TRICKERY WAS HIS BEST BET TO SOLVE...

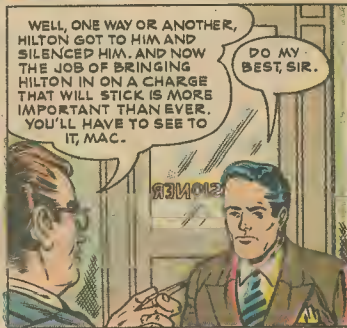
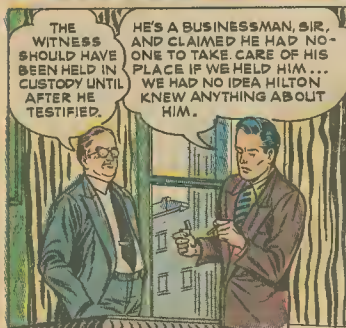
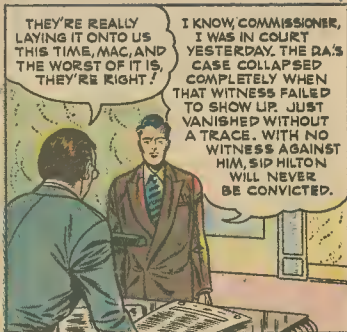
## THE MISSING WITNESS MYSTERY

THAT'S  
"IT, SID!  
NOW WE'LL HAVE THE  
WHOLE CITY TO  
OURSELVES!"

OKAY, BOYS!  
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.  
WE'VE WASTED TOO MUCH  
TIME ALREADY!

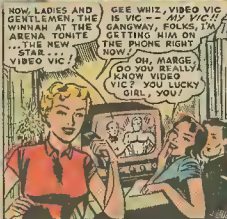
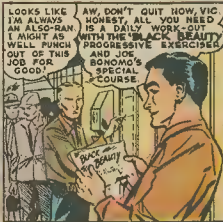
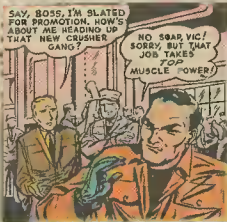


# SUSPENSE





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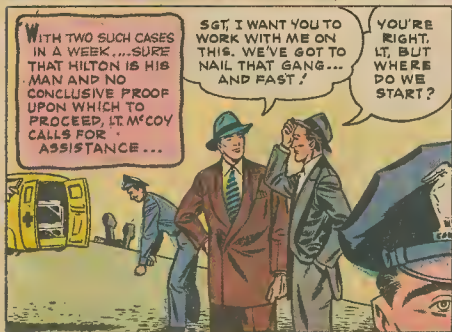
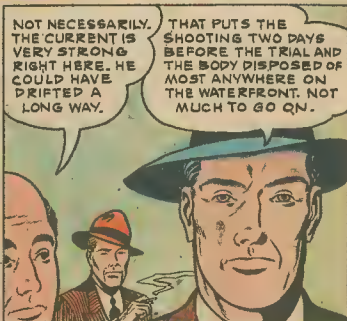
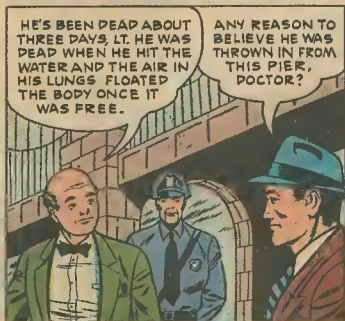
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# SUSPENSE





# SUSPENSE

UNDER McCOY'S DIRECTION, DETECTIVES START A RUMOR THAT TRAVELS QUICKLY IN THE UNDERWORLD...

EDDIE SAYS THE D.A.'S GOT A WITNESS THAT SAW SID HILTON'S BOYS TAKE CARE OF THAT SQUEALER THE OTHER NIGHT.

FIRST I HEARD OF IT. I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE THE GUY WHO SAW IT... THINGS HAPPEN TO PEOPLE WHO KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT HILTON.

S'A FACT. THAT SNOOP McCOY HAS GOT THE GOODS ON HILTON AND IS LOOKIN' FOR HIM RIGHT NOW.

JUST DON'T SOUND RIGHT TO ME. SID'S TOO SMART TO LOUSE UP TWO JOBS IN A ROW!



THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY, NICK... THANKS. SID. I WON'T FORGET YOU FOR PASSING IT ALONG IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO IT!

THOUGHT I'D LET YOU KNOW, JUST IN CASE.

AND AN HOUR LATER AT HILTON'S APARTMENT...

IT LOOKS GOOD, ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T KNOW... PASSING PHONY IS OUT OF MY LINE ...

SID, YOU GOT A MINUTE? THIS MIGHT BE IMPORTANT!



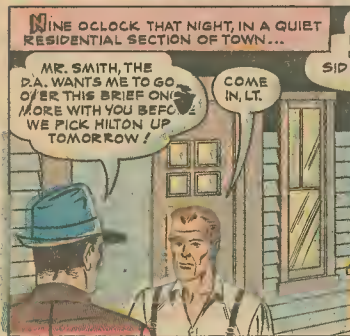
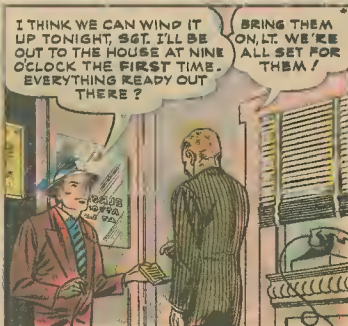
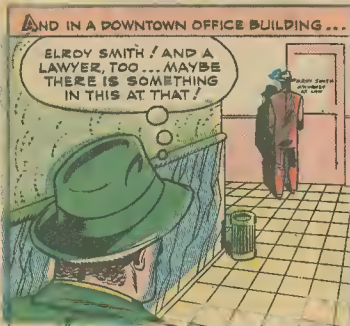
WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, NICK?

I GOT THE WORD A FEW MINUTES AGO THAT McCOY'S LOOKIN' FOR YOU! HE'S GOT A WITNESS TO THAT JOB THE OTHER NIGHT! GUY NAMED SMITH!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! STILL, THAT GUY McCOY HAS BEEN TOO CLOSE TO ME FOR COMFORT BEFORE. MAYBE HE HAS GOT SOMETHING! WATCH HIM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, NICK, AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO.



# SUSPENSE



# SUSPENSE

GOOD WORK, NICK! GET BEN AND MEET ME HERE AT TWELVE. THE THREE OF US CAN HANDLE THIS. IF MCCOY'S MOVE IS FOR TOMORROW, WE'LL MAKE OURS TONIGHT!

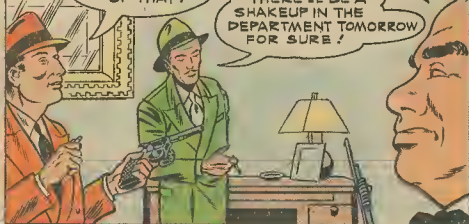


AND AT MIDNIGHT THE THREE CRIMINALS PREPARE TO VISIT LAWYER SMITH...

THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE A WITNESS! WE'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

LOAD THE CHOPPER, NICK, WE'LL MAKE THIS ONE A GOOD JOB!

THERE'LL BE A SHAKEUP IN THE DEPARTMENT TOMORROW FOR SURE!



MCCOY'S GONNA GET HIMSELF A COMPLEX IF YOU KEEP SNATCHIN' THESE WITNESSES OUT FROM UNDER HIM, BOSS!

I'LL GIVE HIM MORE THAN A COMPLEX IF HE DON'T LAY OFF ME!

THAT'S THE PLACE, SID. AND IT'S DARK, TOO...



HE MUST'VE GONE TO BED... TAKE IT EASY, WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE HIM UP. THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH!



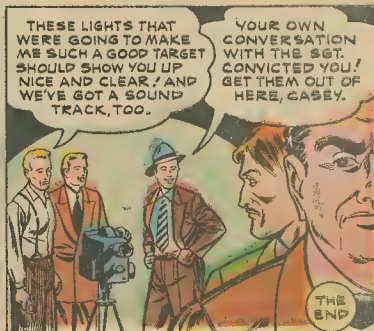
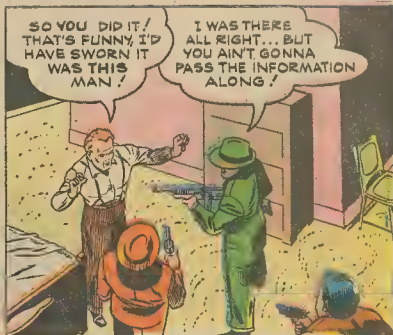
SAY... YOU AIN'T IN BED? WHAT IS THIS?

DROP THOSE GUNS AND STAY PUT! YOU LOOK LIKE THE MAN I SAW KILL THAT MAN THE OTHER NIGHT... LT. MCCOY WARNED ME TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOU!





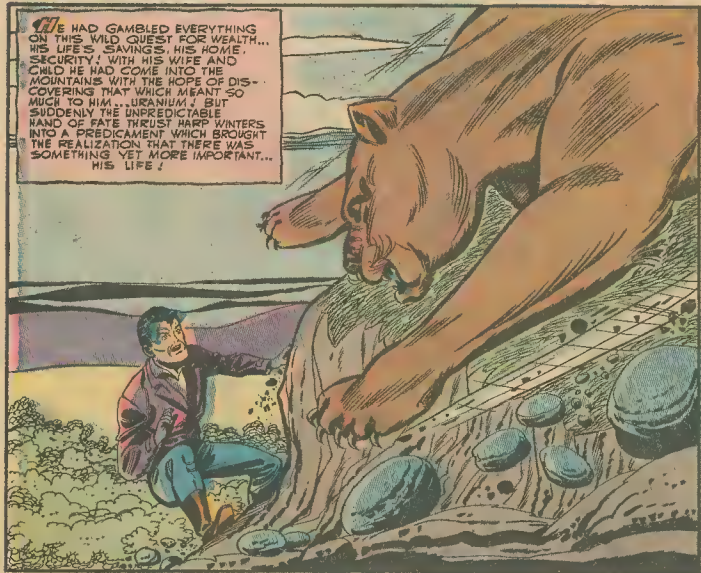
# SUSPENSE



SUSPENSE

# WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

HE HAD GAMBLLED EVERYTHING ON THIS WILD QUEST FOR WEALTH... HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS, HIS HOME, SECURITY! WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD HE HAD COME INTO THE MOUNTAINS WITH THE HOPE OF DISCOVERING THAT WHICH MEANT SO MUCH TO HIM... URANIUM! BUT SUDDENLY THE UNPREDICTABLE HAND OF FATE THRUST HARP WINTERS INTO A PREDICAMENT WHICH BROUGHT THE REALIZATION THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING YET MORE IMPORTANT... HIS LIFE!

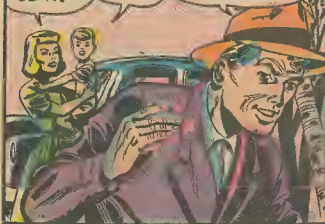


HARP WINTERS SMILED CHEERFULLY AT HIS LITTLE FAMILY AS HE LEFT THEM AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS! PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE THE DAY... THE DAY THAT HE WOULD DISCOVER THE PRECIOUS ORE THAT WOULD MAKE HIM WEALTHY...

DO BE CAREFUL, DEAR!

'BYE, DADDY!

I'LL BE BACK BEFORE DARK!

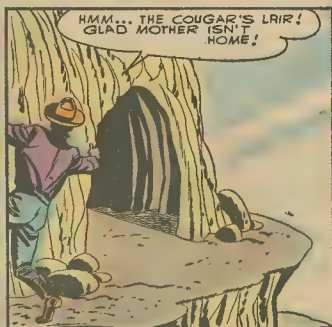
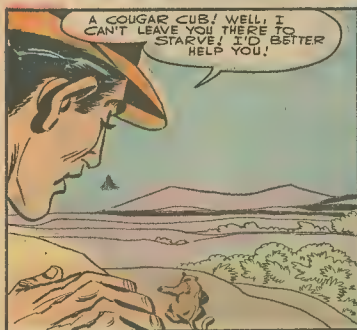
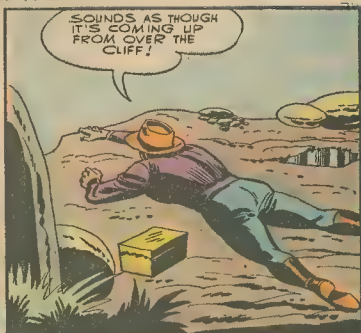
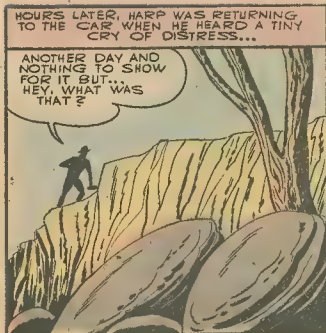


AS HE MADE HIS WAY AMONG THE ROCKS...

MAYBE I'M WRONG... MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK AND SETTLE DOWN TO A STEADY JOB AGAIN! SHE NEVER COMPLAINS, BUT THIS LIFE IS HARD ON JEAN!



# SUSPENSE





# SUSPENSE

HARP HAD SET THE CUB SAFELY ON THE LEDGE WHEN SUDDENLY A PIERCING SCREAM SPLIT THE STILLNESS OF THE MOUNTAINS...



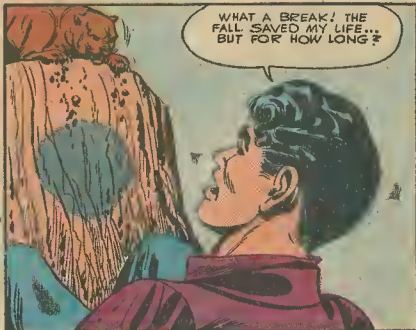
... AND AT THAT INSTANCE, HE LOST HIS FOOT-HOLD...



HARP FELL TO THE LEDGE BELOW AND GRABBED FRANTICALLY AT THE ROUGH ROCKS...



WHAT A BREAK! THE FALL SAVED MY LIFE... BUT FOR HOW LONG?



THIS IS TERRIBLE! THAT CAVE ABOVE IS THE COUGAR'S LAIR... I'LL BE HELD ON THIS LEDGE...



BUT IT WILL BE DARK SOON... JEAN WILL KNOW I'M IN TROUBLE AND DRIVE TO GET HELP! THAT IS, IF I DIDN'T...



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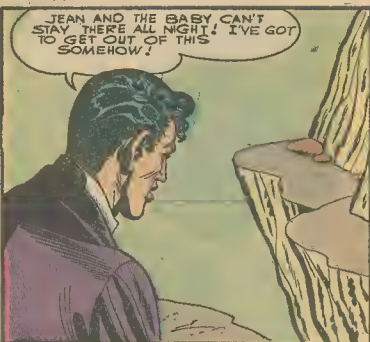
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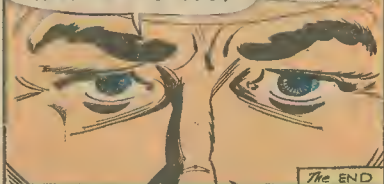
# SUSPENSE



HARP GRIPPED THE STONE TIGHTLY AND LOOKED UP AT THE SNARLING MOUNTAIN CAT ABOVE HIM AND HIS HEART SANK...



**IT'S - IT'S GETTING DARK... AND JEAN AND THE BABY THERE ALONE! GOT TO DO ONE OR THE OTHER... TRY TO JUMP TEN FEET TO THE OTHER CLIFF... OR FIGHT PAST THE COUGAR! WHAT SHOULD I DO?**



IF YOU WERE THERE ON THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF... IF YOUR LOVED ONES WERE LEFT ALONE IN THE MOUNTAINS AS NIGHT FELL... IF YOU HAD HARP'S CHOICE... **WHAT WOULD YOU DO?** \*10 WILL BE AWARDED FOR THE BEST ANSWER SELECTED: SEND IN YOUR ANSWERS TO... AL FAGO, CHARLTON COMIC GROUP, \*DERBY, CONN.



# SUSPENSE

## MINIT MYSTERY

BY  
SAM  
PEEL

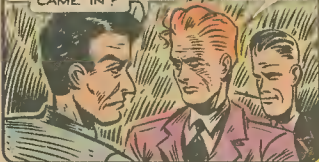
**CAN YOU SOLVE IT?**

IF NOT—TURN THE LAST PANEL UPSIDE DOWN.

LATER... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS,  
GREG ABBOTT, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR,  
TAKES OVER...

YOU SAY YOU WERE  
REMOVING THE KNIFE  
FROM YOUR GRAND-  
FATHERS BODY WHEN  
YOUR STEP BROTHER  
CAME IN?

YES!  
I DIDN'T KILL  
OLD SILAS!  
I HAD NO  
MOTIVE!



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE PARK  
AVENUE MANSION OF SILAS MONROE.

YOU DID KILL HIM!  
YOU'VE GOT THE  
KNIFE IN YOUR  
HAND RIGHT NOW!  
I'M CALLING THE  
POLICE!

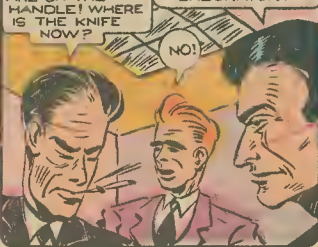
NO! ROGER!  
NO! IT ISN'T  
TRUE!



HE DID! HIS  
FINGERPRINTS  
ARE ON THE  
HANDLE! WHERE  
IS THE KNIFE  
NOW?

BEING EXAMINED  
IN THE  
LABORATORY!

NO!



HERE IT IS SIR!  
AND THE REPORT  
YOU ASKED  
FOR!

HMM--- THEN  
I ARREST  
YOU...  
ROGER WAYNE!



HOW DID GREG ABBOTT KNOW?  
JUST TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE  
DOWN AND LOOK AT THE LAST PANEL!



YES! YOU SEE YOUR  
PRINTS WERE ON THE  
BLADE! YOU GRAND-  
FATHER! YOUR STEP-  
BROTHER MADE THE  
PRINTS WHEN HE  
WITHDREW THE  
KNIFE!

ME--- HUH?



Mrs. Ruth Long

# Friends! Here's How To Get

At  
Almost

# NO COST

## Your NEW Real, LIVE MINIATURE DOG

I'll be happy to send you without you paying a penny, this lovable, young, miniature DOG that is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks . . . active, healthy, intelligent and clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. LIMIT of 2 to any one person. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with each picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

### DEAN STUDIOS

Dept. X-412, 211 W. 7th St.  
Des Moines 2, Iowa



Supply  
Limited  
○  
SEND  
TODAY!

Please  
GIVE  
ME A  
HOME

MRS. RUTH LONG  
DEAN STUDIOS, DEPT. X-412  
211 W. 7TH ST., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

I would like to receive the miniature dog.  
Please send me premium letter and 20 coupon

Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ snapshots or negatives for enlarging. (Limit of two.)

Color \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_ Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Color \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_

Hair \_\_\_\_\_ Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Up to a \$10 Portrait Studio Value Only \$1.

Any  
Photo  
Copied

# 20 BILLFOLD PHOTOS

# \$1

Sent on  
Approval

Double-Weight, Silk Finish, Portrait Paper. Each (2½ x 3½ inch) PHOTO is beautifully DECKLE EDGED.

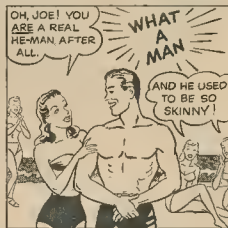
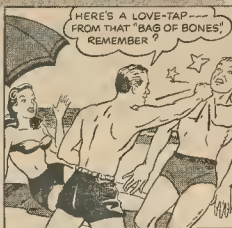
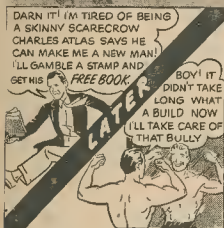
50 for only \$2

(Send No Money)

Just to get acquainted we will make you these NEW artistic, BILLFOLD PHOTOGRAPHS that are the rage for exchanging with school mates, as gifts and enclosures with greeting cards or in correspondence. SEND NO MONEY, just enclose your favorite snapshot or any size photo for 20 or 50 BILLFOLD (Wallet) SIZE PHOTOS (one pose) suitable for

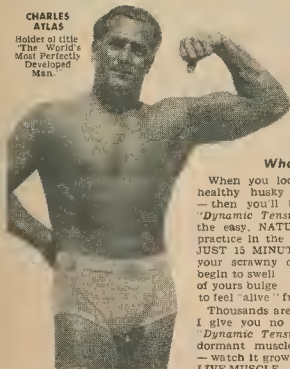
framing and keepsakes. Used by thousands of students, teachers, job seekers, parents, movie stars and others. Original returned with your order. Pay postman on arrival plus a few cents for our C.O.D. and postage or enclose the money and we prepay. 3-day service. Portrait studio quality and satisfaction guaranteed. Please send within 15 days to

MOVYLAND STUDIOS Dept. 19, 211 W. 7th St., DES MOINES 2, IOWA



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

**CHARLES ATLAS**  
Holder of title  
"The World's  
Most Perfectly  
Developed  
Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim Girls made fun of me behind my back THEN I discovered my body-building system "Dynamic Tension" It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

### What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy husky fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive" full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way I give you no gadgets to fool with With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real solid LIVE MUSCLE

**FREE** My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* 32 pages of photos, valuable advice Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build I'll send you a copy FREE It may change your whole life Rush coupon to me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 325U, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325U,  
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ If under 14 years of age  
check here for Booklet A



# We'll Send a Box of Christmas Cards

## To All Who Want **EXTRA MONEY!**

Make \$50 to \$300 and Even More In Your Spare Time...  
It's Fun Too!... Lots of Folks Do It So Easily with  
**Wallace Brown Christmas Cards**

Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. In this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here... the sensational, big-value 21-card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the beautiful Veleur on Parchment Christmas Assortment. They sell on sight for only \$1.00 each and you make up to 50¢ profit on each box! Mail the coupon NOW!

### Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Religious Scripture-Text, the delightful Christmas Angels, sparkling, new "Tall" Jewel Scenes, gay and clever Merry Christmas Humorous, breathtaking Winter Magic Photochromes... Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of lovely Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Nappies, Stationery, and many lovely Gift Items! They all spell EXTRA MONEY for you!

### SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of entire line to start you making extra money immediately.

**CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS**—Raise money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of Fund-Raising Plan and give name of organization.

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.** 11 EAST 26TH STREET  
DEPT. 5-123, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Poste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.** Dept. 5-123  
11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, FREE Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of money-making line.

Name

Address

City & Zone  State

☐ Check for organization plan.



### POPULAR PRICED **Personals!**

ACTUAL SAMPLES  
**FREE!**



Make even more money with four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards... distinctive styling, low price—for every purse and taste—Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier & Ives... exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-toned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. They sell on sight!

We Deliver to Your Customers AND WE PAY THE POSTAGE!